DON'T "BECOME WISE TOO LATE." See page ii of Cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No. 478 | SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1915. | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A 2779274

For meaning of this number see page 24.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Largest Circulation of any Weekly Journal in the Kingdom.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE SCHEME AGAINST ALL WAR RISKS.

We are giving *absolutely free of any charge whatever* an Insurance which covers you against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident policy issued by insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have made our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. Exactly similar benefits are given by our sister-journal *Everywoman's Weekly*. YOU MAY EITHER FILL IN AND POST TO US THE WEEKLY COUPON WHICH WILL KEEP YOU INSURED FOR ONE WEEK AFTER ITS RECEIPT BY US, AND MUST BE RENEWED WEEKLY, OR, TO AVOID THE NECESSITY OF DOING THIS, YOU MAY SIGN THE NEWSAGENT'S ORDER FORM, WHICH WILL KEEP YOU PERMANENTLY INSURED DURING SUCH PERIOD AS THIS INSURANCE SCHEME AND YOUR ORDER TO THE NEWSAGENT REMAIN IN FORCE.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

As regards all Air Raids, Bombardment, Invasion, Riot, Civil Commotion, Civil War, Revolution, Rebellion, Blockade, or Military or Usurped Power:—

In respect of any person (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£100
Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, or Turks, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP COUPON WEEKLY.

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this form and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the scheme as published in each issue as though you had filled in the Coupon weekly, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

FORM FOR REGULAR READERS.
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

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NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you MUST fill in the Duplicate coupon which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

July 31st, 1915.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....*Newsagent of*

.....

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

July 31st, 1915. .....

SPECIAL NOTE If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form above, fill in this form and post it to us (a half-penny stamp will suffice). Inconvenience and postage will be saved by the filling in of the Newsagent's Form.

WEEKLY INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified above.)

Name of Insured.....

Address.....

.....

Age next Birthday..... *Date of Signature* .....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name.....*Address*.....

To receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out above. .....

This coupon must be signed by the insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for seven days after its receipt by us.

HAD YOURS YET?

If not, don't delay.

Cut out the Coupon opposite.

"JOHN BULL" PEN.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. July 31st, 1915.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 478. Week ending Saturday, July 31st, 1915. One Penny.

The Circulation of "John Bull" now exceeds 1,100,000 copies weekly.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of "JOHN BULL" for July 24th, 1915, bearing on the Cover the Numbers 056,784 and 899,432.

Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Westminster Slackers.

We wonder whether the public has the remotest idea of the extent to which slacking occurs at Westminster. It is not generally known that but for the personal intervention of the Speaker, the Munitions Bill would have been "counted out"—not forty members being present! But you cannot wonder at it. With a few exceptions, they are such a lot of duds that unless there are Division Lists to frighten them, they prefer to leave everything to their "leaders." And there are few divisions in these days—the only thing they divide being their salaries. "Eight bob a week in the trenches—eight pounds a week on the benches"!

Parliament.

As regards our M.P.s, opinion is divided. Some think that the sooner and the longer they adjourn, the better—and, on the whole, we are not sure that they are wrong. If they were all Dalziels, Markhams, Coopers and Houstons it would be different. Still, perhaps it is a bit of a farce that, in the most critical days of our national life, our legislators should be on the grouse moors. They might do their "grousing" at Westminster. Let us have a show for our money.

The Law Courts.

Our judges are about to take two and a half months' holiday—and we hope they will enjoy it. It has been hard work to keep them going lately. Only the other day a full Divisional Court—under the Presidency of the Lord Chief Justice!—sat sagely considering the quasi criminal conduct of a music-hall artist who had been in the habit of distributing money prizes amongst his audience, thus conducting a "lottery"! Yes, let them take a holiday.

Our Sermons.

It is becoming quite a common thing for clergymen and pastors to quote us very freely in their sermons; and we are given to understand that the practice is popular with the congregations. JOHN BULL has ceased to be merely a newspaper; it is now a British institution.

Again "O. P."

Out of Print again—and circulation another 25,000 up. What *will* it be when the boys get back from the front?

Meat.

Do you know that huge quantities of meat are being held up in all parts of the world, and that killing has been suspended, owing to there being no vessels available to fetch it—many refrigerating boats being used for transport purposes, and others for storage? Now Messrs. Dalziel and Markham—get at it!

The Corn Crop.

As we predicted in our article on July 3rd, this year's crops, owing to drought, cold winds, and frosts, have suffered very badly. Oats look like being the worst for the past fourteen years; whilst swedes and turnips are exceptionally bad. And, unfortunately, there is no likelihood of any substantial increase in next year's wheat crop. When are we to have that Minister of Provisions?

An Apt Quotation.

The other day we came across this little sentence in Carlyle's "French Revolution"—"For Government is a thing that governs; that guides, and, if need be, compels." Sage words.

A Hint.

We commend that quotation to Mr. Lloyd George. The miners and the Clyde men are already laughing at the penalty clauses of the Munitions Bill.

A Roll of Dishonour.

What about a Roll of Traitors—mad M.P.s, dismissed officers, pro-German journalists, etc.? Shall we commence to compile it?

Wason's Tip.

Our hon. friend, Cathcart Wason, wants Sixpenny War Loan Vouchers for the purpose of "administering gratuities." But it doesn't follow that the waiters and porters would be willing to change them!

An Editor's Battalion.

A writer in the *Glasgow News* suggests the formation of an Editors' Battalion—with ourselves as Colonel! We suppose he thinks we are not lacking in "front."

War against War. We take your risks; see page ii of cover

"Are You a Mason?"

Not one of the type of D. M. of that ilk, M.P. for Coventry, we hope. It will be remembered that the leaders of the three political parties at Coventry recently addressed to him a joint letter expressing disapproval of his speeches and writings, and stating that the citizens of Coventry felt the deepest resentment at his attitude towards the war and the Coalition Government. Mason has since replied, and his letter is one of the most disgusting examples of snivelling eyewash it has ever been our luck to peruse. "It gives me sorrow that my speeches and writings do not meet with your approval," he whines. "Regarding the Coalition Government, my speeches and writings are intended to assist the Government in its task," he wails. Well might the Government cry, "Save us from our friends!" "Regarding the views of the citizens of Coventry," he concludes, "I should be sorry to believe that they as a whole feel the deepest resentment, and can only hope that you are mistaken in your view." What a man!

The Price of Meat.

When a purchaser hears a butcher's manager cry out the weight of a joint as 3 lbs. 2 ozs. he naturally pays for that weight to the cashier. If subsequent examination shows the actual weight to be a whole half-pound less, then a wicked fraud has been perpetrated, for money is scarce just now and meat is dear. The circumstances described occurred at a butcher's shop in Newington Butts, and the manageress, for we are sorry to say the culprit was a woman, was sentenced to seven days in the second division and to pay a fine of £5. The mystery is, what is the position of an employer in such a case? The profit on the fraud does not accrue to the assistant; the benefit of the overcharge would find its way to the pocket of the owner of the shop. In any future case on other premises—for the magistrate said the offence was "very prevalent"—we hope full inquiry will be made and all the thieves punished.

Same Breed.

The leopard cannot change his spots, and the Hun is a Hun, from Flanders to the Cape. An officer of the South African Defence Force, lately freed from the hands of the Germans, has been giving an account of the treatment by the enemy of British prisoners detained in German South West Africa before the conclusion of peace. "They were in a bad condition, wearing raw hide sandals such as are worn by natives. Many had only pieces of sacking for clothing. Most of us were forced to camp out on the open veldt without shelter and with only a couple of blankets each." The diet furnished was of the sparest kind. Meanwhile, we notice that the British military authorities at Kimberley are advertising for warm slippers and other comforts for German wounded prisoners of war!

A Sickening Sight.

Several correspondents invite us to devise appropriate penalties for British women who are prone to bestow the "glad eye" upon German prisoners of war. Personally, we find it difficult to believe that these frail ones can be of the true British breed, but in many instances we have been furnished with chapter and verse. It is a sickening story, and indeed difficult to discuss in measured terms. One word of counsel we may be permitted to offer. It is the duty of every British woman to read from cover to cover the unexpurgated edition of Lord Bryce's Report upon the atrocities of the Huns in Belgium, and then to reflect that but for the might of the British Navy the fate of her Belgian sisters might have been hers.

A *Lusitania* Legend.

A queer story of the *Lusitania* is printed in a Montreal newspaper. It purports to come from Baden, written by a Socialist holding rank in the German Navy. He describes how the conception of the crime horrified the officers, how one commander declared he would sooner sink his own ship than execute such an order, how the orders were given, and how Lieutenant Hersing, of U21, the submarine that did the deed, returned. The other officers hissed him. One taunted him, and Hersing wanted to challenge his mocker, but that officer refused to fight the murderer. When Hersing entered a room, all the officers, except five, left it. To the five the wretched man, in tears, unburdened his soul. He said he had hoped his boat would be injured in some way, to prevent him committing "the dastardly act." He despised himself, he hoped his crew would mutiny and kill him. But—to cut the yarn short—after trying to dodge so as not to see the ship, he found another submarine on the other side of the *Lusitania's* track, and he was obliged to discharge the fatal torpedo. Now he is haunted by the ghosts of his victims. "My God!" he cried, "I can still hear them!" Such is the remarkable story printed by the Montreal newspaper, but the editor says he does not vouch for its truth. We think he is wise.

In Darkest Bournemouth.

The Bournemouth police used to make a speciality of harrying unfortunate tramps who defiled their beat, but the supply of Weary Willies has apparently given out, and the officers are now luxuriating in the opportunities for prosecution—or persecution—offered by the lighting restrictions. "All lights out" is the order in Bournemouth, and it must be obeyed. A whole column of the local newspaper is occupied by reports of summonses, and some of the offences alleged appear to be of the most trivial description. A gentleman was fined for showing a light in his bedroom for a few minutes, and his landlady, ill in bed at the time, was also dropped on for permitting it. A nurse at another house turned on the light first, and then crossed to the window to pull down the blind. For not pulling the blind down first she paid 7s. 6d. A lady was fined 15s. for having a light showing in the area of her house, which faced the woods at the rear. The Chairman dwelt on the danger of all these lights, which "might be seen by a submarine or aeroplane." An excess of light is probably not advisable just now, but too much stringency reduces precaution to an absurdity. All the same, it is a paying game at Bournemouth, for we reckon up the total of fines reported as £11 2s. 6d.—not a bad bag for one day.

Retrenchment.

There has been no more striking illustration of the utter helplessness of Party politicians exalted to the business of National Government than the multiplicity of "Business Committees" which the two Ministries have had to call to their aid since the beginning of the war. Once again the Ministers are in travail, and another Committee is soon to be born; this time to teach them how to retrench. It is to be presided over by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, in the words of Mr. Asquith, "will have associated with him competent colleagues from outside the Government." The Committee, it is true, may not be able to report the result of its labours before the end of the war, but their advice will, at any rate, be available before the Resurrection. Meanwhile a few of the members might poke their inquiring noses into the question of waste, in order to save a few millions of the War Loan. There are a whole lot of officials, civil and military, whose sole idea of spending money is to chuck it away.

"Everywoman's Weekly" is every woman's friend.

Domestic Servitude.

Mrs. Katherine Woodhouse must be a charming lady, and her letters to the press are a model of polite elegance. She is charitable in the expression of her opinions, too; listen to the nice, kind things she says about domestic servants: "A more selfish, greedy, extravagant, and unpatriotic class than the servant class does not exist. It is no good appealing to their good feelings—they have none. I have never met a servant who did not put her stomach first and her mistress second. As for her country in its hour of need, they care nothing about it. Men are dying by hundreds that such may live at ease! It is too awfully sad." It is—and we hope Mrs. Woodhouse will take something for her complaint, before it becomes serious. Her hysterical outburst is because her four maids wanted meat for supper, whereas she has decided on "a supper of eggs, kedgeree, fishcakes, etc.," and has abolished late dinners. The domestic arrangements of the lady do not concern us, but if her maids are "extravagant" she should procure others, if she can find any to remain with a person of her temper. To speak of "the servant class" as if they were some degraded order of beings, breathing a different atmosphere, is to slander hard-working, good women. A good mistress generally gets—and keeps—a good servant. A bad mistress is entitled to bad servants—and Mrs. Woodhouse says she has had bad servants for twenty years.

A Social Problem.

We frequently hear stories of the big earnings of Welsh colliers, but seldom do we get the facts of a case where the money is so misused as it was by Charles Judson, collier, of Cadoxton, and his wife. Judson earned nearly £4 every week, and a son paid in another 16s. to the family exchequer. The rent was only 4s. There were four little children, whose life should have been happy and hopeful. Instead, the father and mother were charged at Neath with neglecting them, and, to their shame be it said, they had no excuse to offer, and pleaded guilty. The children were kept in a dirty and disgraceful condition; they were "filthy," and so were their surroundings. A kind lady had clothed them, in the hope of effecting an improvement, but everything was soon as bad as ever. A doctor deposed that the neglect was sufficient to cause the children to suffer. And this father and mother, confessing their terrible guiltiness, were sent to gaol for two months with hard labour. Dare improvement be hoped when their term has elapsed, or will their punishment but engender resentment? We can only shudder for such parents and feel an infinite pity for their little ones.

More "Self-Sacrifice."

One more example of clerical "self-sacrifice" is upon record; this time in the pages of the Parish Magazine of All Saints, South Acton. Two little paragraphs explain it—and they are quite enough. The first is: "Mr. Mallorie will be away on holiday during July, and Mr. Stafford during August." The two gentlemen who take a month's holiday each are the Assistant-Clergy of the Church. The second paragraph, immediately following the other is: "We are very sorry it has been found impossible to arrange this year for our Annual Parochial and Sunday School Excursion to the Seaside. We are sure everyone will understand this and accept it as just one of the many little things we must learn to do without during the war." Yes, we "understand this." It means that the little children and some of the poor folk are docked of their one day's jaunt to the briny, but that the Clergy will take their usual jolly month. Self-sacrifice is a noble thing, but some parsons prefer to see other people practise it.

On the East Coast.

A naturalised German named Krause, manager of an hotel in Hull, was summoned for failing to comply with lighting instructions. He volunteered the explanation that a servant lighted a lantern to enable her to go into a dressing-room. We are afraid we cannot accept that story; it is too thin. For the lights in the hotel had attracted a crowd, an angry crowd that tried to get into the place, and the simple passing of a servant from one room to another would not excite a crowd to that extreme. There was nearly a riot; the man's wife said she never expected to see him alive again, and the police took both him and her to the station "more for their protection than for anything else." There was a fine of five guineas, and Krause can congratulate himself on his escape and on the fact that he is not, so far, in an internment camp. That he should be the manager of a British hotel in Hull is more than passing strange—in fact, the only comforting part of the story is the proof it offers that the people of Hull are alive to the dangers in their midst, and are quick to move to correct abuses that would not exist if the authorities were not so slow.

An Abortive Resolution.

At a recent meeting of the Easington (Durham) Rural District Council, the terms of the following resolution excited vigorous discussion:—

> That we, the members of the Easington Rural District Council, petition the Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Durham, or failing him the Home Secretary, to remove the names of the following gentlemen from the Commission of the Peace on Castle Eden Bench in the said County of Durham, viz.:—Mr. Julius Ernst Guthe and Mr. Charles O. Trechmann.

As to the desirability of "shunting" the first-named Justice, there seems to have been little divergence of opinion, but the case of Mr. C. O. Trechmann, said to have been born in Schleswig-Holstein, was generally felt to be on a different footing. Ultimately the Council resolved to do nothing, in which course they were, of course, supported by a wealth of exalted precedent.

A Harsh Penalty.

Moved, perhaps, by a kindly impulse, and, in any case, without thought of wrong-doing, the wife of a publican at Newport, Essex, admitted a party of soldiers to her house to tea on a Sunday afternoon. Presently a police-officer appeared upon the scene, informing the landlord that the presence of soldiers "upon licensed premises during prohibited hours" constituted an offence against the law, for which in due course he would be required to answer. To the policeman, and afterwards to the Saffron Walden Bench, the unfortunate licence-holder explained that the men had been admitted to the house without his knowledge, and that, in any case, they had been accommodated in his private room, and had not been served with liquor. The Magistrates, however, were "out for blood," and a fine of £5 was imposed. Pretty stiff gruel!

Notice to Quit.

One hundred and sixty families, dwelling in a small area of West Belfast, have received from the Belfast Corporation notice to vacate their tenancies. Nearly every one of these families owns a father or son with the colours or working on munitions, and it is said that in no case is any rent owing. It would be interesting to learn why these notices to quit have been given wholesale. Mr. Devlin roundly asserts that it is a political move to deprive the men of their votes, but we hesitate to accept his view. All the same, it is cruel to turn out the women while their men are fighting. The news will make sad reading in the trenches. *All is not well in Ireland.*

Pay for your holidays with golden "Bullets." See page 28.

Iron Justice.

Mr. Justice Ridley is not anxious to shine among the merciful who are blessed. At York Assizes he had before him a girl, only 21, who pleaded guilty to stealing £1 5s. 6d. from the Post Office where she was engaged. The money was spent on her soldier lover at the front. A barrister, pleading in her defence, spoke of her sudden temptation, her ignorance of military necessities, and said "her former employer was prepared to——," but we shall never know what were the intentions alluded to, for his Lordship broke in sternly, "I can't listen to that. She will have to go to prison. It is a public office, and the public must be protected." Said the barrister, pleading still, "But there are degrees of punishment, and the law is now more merciful." The law may be, but the judge was not. "She might have had five years' penal servitude," he observed. The good barrister tried again to move that marble heart. "There is the second division," he suggested. It was useless. Justice Ridley was firm, adamant—marble, rock, and wood in one. "Six months' hard labour," he said, and the poor, silly, loving, misguided girl of 21 went to her doom. We are aware that robbery by a servant of the Post Office is regarded as doubly serious, and we think the principle right in the main. But if there was ever a case for leniency, for something less than the dreadful worst—hard labour!—that poor girl's cause demanded it.

Mother's Work.

A rural labourer, of Netteswell, Essex, was summoned for not sending to school his little daughter, thirteen years old. Before the Justices appeared his wife, so it is safe to assume that the poor man was at his labour, trying to gather together the few scanty shillings that are called wages in agricultural districts. The woman had a tale to tell that might have melted the heart of a county magistrate. She is the mother of ten children, two of the younger ones being crippled. She was obliged to go out to work to help to feed the smaller children, and she could not do this without keeping the daughter at home to mind the house. "Last week her three soldier sons came home from the war for a short holiday, and she had to provide food and little extras for them"—the poor, proud mother! If she had not gone out to work she would have been compelled to neglect her soldier sons, so away she went gladly to her toil, and kept the girl from school. The girl will be fourteen in two months, and able to leave, so not much real harm was done. But the School Attendance Officer said it was his worst case, and the Bench inflicted a fine of five shillings, time being allowed for payment. We hope the time allowed was until Doomsday, and we agree that it was one of the officer's "worst cases"—from the point of hardship to a brave and big-hearted mother.

A Bomb-Proof Umbrella.

A leather merchant, Tottenham way, says he has invented a bomb-proof umbrella. When Zeppelins are about and bombs are dropping, you open the umbrella. When the bomb falls it strikes a spring knob on the apex, releases and fixes two iron clamps to your feet and holds you to earth while the explosion takes place. In case of faintness you press a button which causes a brandy-and-soda to appear on the handle, rings up the local fire-station, blows a police whistle, summons the nearest photographer, and tells you what o'clock it is. We shall be glad if he will send a sample to our office. If the umbrella is no use for bombs, the button at least will be helpful for drought. But suppose the bomb misses the apex!

A "Man" of Devon.

Huntsham is in bonny Devon, and in Huntsham dwelleth a farmer whose name we know not, but whose actions have been reported unto us. The man is blessed with three sons, eligible for the Army, but remaining at home to feed upon the fat of the land that better men fight for. A couple of the glorious Devon regiment called, on recruiting intent. They received no welcome; they did not meet with ordinary civility, for the farmer told them to clear off—they were not wanted there. One of the soldiers ventured to explain that he was the father of seven children, and felt justified in complaining of slackers. "You go back to the trenches instead of mucking about here," said the barbarian of Devon; "I don't care if the Germans come; I've only got to die once." Pressed to think of the women and children, he said, "I shall be dead before that happens here. They must look after themselves." A further appeal led to the order, "Clear out of the place. My sons won't go until they are made to go. I've got to live!" This is a case where at least two hulking sons should be "made to go"; if they do not appreciate the supreme honour of helping their father and others "to live," the honour should be thrust upon them. Devonshire, which has done so nobly in the war, is no county of slackers, but Huntsham holds a nest of them that needs to be smoked out.

Gardeners Grievances.

Scotsmen are good gardeners and profound thinkers, and it is a Scotch gardener who sends us his thoughts on reading an advertisement for a "Gardener; and Wife to do Laundry, etc., no encumbrances. Wages, 22s."—for the two. Our friend says the people who object to encumbrances in the piping times of peace are the very people now shrieking for "Men, more men!" to save their precious skins for them. He alleges a further objectionable trick, namely, to discharge a man eligible for service upon the pretence of patriotism, and then to engage a man and his wife, paying the same salary for two as was previously paid for one. Should a gardener's wife dare to bear fruit and multiply, our Scottish Adam says his experience is that the man is discharged, on the plea that his cottage is too small for a family, and he asks, "Then, in heaven's name, why not build a larger one? Do as you would for a litter of puppies—get a bigger kennel!" And so we return to his first protest against the people who advertise "No encumbrances"—people who, he contends, should be branded as traitors and prosecuted under the Defence of the Realm Act. From all which it will be seen there is still plenty of sound sense "ayont the Tweed."

An Unfriendly Society.

The London and Provincial Yearly Dividing Friendly Society, of 45, Finsbury Square, E.C., were the defendants in a recent action at the Shoreditch County Court, when the widow of a soldier killed in action at Ypres sought to enforce a claim for £12 in respect of the death of her husband. It seems that the Society by resolution had suspended the membership of men serving with the Colours, but, unfortunately for their case, the Secretary was compelled in cross-examination to admit that the resolution had failed to win the approval of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies. Ultimately, the Society agreed to admit the claim, it being obvious that from a legal standpoint their position was wholly untenable. In quieter times, the whole question of Friendly Society administration will demand attention. A vigorous overhauling of the present system is long overdue.

The "John Bull" Pen for women and men. Coupon page ii of cover.

Wholesale Economy.

In these saving days, when to be niggardly is to be virtuous, the Bridlington Town Council has decided on steps of such stern economy as must endear it to Mr. Asquith—and to Shylock's ghost. The attendant at the Floral Pavilion is recommended for the sack, to start with; this will save a whole nine shillings a week. Split up the amount among the ratepayers and see what they will save, each and every individual of them, by depriving that attendant of his bloated income. Then, the war bonus to employees is to be discontinued, sick pay (at present consuming the enormous sum of £40 a year) will cease, and seven shillings a week more is to be deducted from the maintenance allowance granted to men who enlist. How dare they enlist, anyhow? If they dare, then dock their doles in the name of economy. We observe it is only the poorer employees who suffer; there is no word about taking a bit from the fat salaries of officials. There is, however, this item, which we like best of all: "That the cleaning of the windows at the Town Hall be discontinued for the period of the war." It bangs Banagher—but it is wise, for, when the windows are nice and grimy, nobody will be able to look in and see the Council at its dirty work of docking the men's wages.

A Widow's Burden.

A poor widow woman with a family, of Grandborough, Bucks, who has "a little baking business" to keep the home going, received a telegram from the War Office with the news that her son had been killed at the front. Within an hour or two she got word that her cart, driven by her assistant, had collided with another vehicle. The poor soul, when she was able to collect her thoughts, went to call on the other people concerned, to try and settle matters, "because she did not want this trouble." But the other parties preferred to claim damages in the Buckingham County Court. They said it was the fault of the widow's carman; the man said the plaintiff was flurried in her trap, and pulled the wrong rein. There was, at least, a doubt, and a conflict of evidence, but the judge registered judgment against the widow woman for over £36 and costs. It must be a big blow for her, with her "little baking business," and her family, and her son killed fighting in France. There is here, surely, the golden opportunity for some good creature in Grandborough or North Marston to pay a few visits in the neighbourhood with a modest subscription list to ease the woman's burden, to aid the fatherless and the widow, blameless, but in trouble and in grief.

The Blue Frightener.

Here is good reading. Judge Wheeler, at Cambridge County Court, called before him a plaintiff who had sent out to debtors notices which were a colourable imitation of a County Court document. They were headed, "Final Notice before proceeding in the County Court for the recovery of small debts," and were evidently glaring examples of the shameful "blue frighteners" we have so often exposed in these columns. The judge told the plaintiff, a woman, "she had placed herself in a position of great danger, and he was not sure if she had not rendered herself liable to be committed for trial at the Assizes. He ordered her at the next sitting to produce all the notices she had, and then he would decide what steps he should take in the matter." We are sorry it is a woman who is in the wrong, but the issue of these "frighteners" to bring pressure upon ignorant people is so wholly indefensible, that we are glad one judge intends to stop the practice. Offenders had best take due heed of a very plain warning, or they may meet with the fate they merit.

Member of the Corporation.

It is a handy thing to be a member of the Corporation of the town which you honour by dwelling in. Look at William Henry Harris, member of the Godalming Corporation, and such a credit to his town! The lucky man had an engagement at Guildford at a time when the Justices were sitting. All he had done was to "receive" 200 pairs of Army boots and other articles, valued at £55. He said he had paid £12 for them to a Sergeant-Major—so there was no excuse for him. He was a "fence," receiving stolen goods, and we know that the receiver is worse than the thief. Prosecuted under the Army Act, one would have expected him to receive his due deserts. But he was a "member of the Corporation" as well as a guilty man, and his miserably inadequate punishment was a mere money payment, a fine of £15. The proceedings were a travesty of justice, but we confidently expect the Guildford Bench will make up for this unmerited leniency by being doubly severe on the next poor hungry devil who steals a turnip out of a field. He will get a month hard, without the op.

Surplus Rations.

A couple of women at Norwich were in trouble for receiving bread, jam, bacon, and other food from soldiers. They were poor women, and they said they thought there was no harm in accepting food that meant so much to them and their little ones, and which would otherwise be thrown in the swill-tub. Mr. Crotch, one of the magistrates, could not quite understand why "these two persons are brought here to-day, while hundreds of other people have been doing the same thing." Each woman was fined five shillings—a heavy price for the meal; but the second one pleaded she had eight little children and a sick husband, so we are glad to read, "The fine was paid from the Bench." Our compliments to the Bench. And a little pause to wonder that the absurd and wicked Army Regulation which forbids the best use being made of surplus rations, should, after repeated criticism by ourselves and others, still be enforced.

Hot Hints.

Our correspondence teems with warlike suggestions. If caligraphy counts for anything, it is one of the gentle sex who proposes that the Dundonald secret device should be put in motion against Teutons resident in this country, and that we should begin with "a fat, piggy German" living in her own street. Less opposed to the normal conventions of civilisation is the suggestion of a Garston reader that we should "release, by means of aviators, specimens of the weevil and Colorado beetle upon the farming districts of the enemy, the notion being, of course, to destroy his crops." By the way, the author of this stupendous idea arraigns us for the neglect of a public duty. "You ought to turn JOHN BULL into a 'daily,' if only for the duration of the war." Does the Censor agree?

Harmony at Brighton.

Brighton bandsmen are once again to the fore, the cornet-player of the Municipal Orchestra having been fined £3 for striking the Musical Director. It was all about a bit of German music. There were certain passages in Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" marked to be played on the trumpet, but the defendant said he felt too patriotic to bother about German music, so he blew out the alien airs on the cornet. Afterwards the trouble commenced, and resulted as recorded. We would ask the Brighton Corporation why German music should be included in its programmes; surely there is a sufficiency of compositions by British musicians and those of our Allies. Let Wagner wag no more.

There is money in "Money Pictures." £100 to be won every week.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

HOW BRITISH PUBLIC DEPARTMENTS ARE RUN—WHERE ARE SMITH, JONES, BROWN AND ROBINSON?

Looking through the papers the other day, our eye alighted upon this harmless announcement:

> Mr. H. J. Tennant, M.P., Under-Secretary for War, has appointed Mr. W. H. T. Ottley to be his private secretary in place of Mr. W. H. Schlich, resigned.

Doesn't sound very important, does it? But there is more behind it than met that eye of ours. The fact is that a certain member of Parliament—we believe it was the indefatigable Sir Henry Dalziel—was about to call attention to the anomaly of a gentleman named Schlich—who, however sympathetic to Britain, undoubtedly possesses a marked Teutonic accent—occupying so confidential a post in these days of war with Germany. And the Government evidently thought it better not to allow the door to be opened upon such a subject. But why should they be alarmed? True, the whole Public Service is teeming to-day with officials of Teutonic and other alien descent. But they are all true patriots—every man Jack—every von—of them.

THE WAR OFFICE.

We will start with the War Office, from which it must not be assumed that Mr. Schlich has resigned. What his new post is we are unable at the moment to say—but we shall find out. Let us, however, have a look at some of his colleagues. Here are a few of them:—

MAJ.-GEN. SIR S. B. VON DONOP, *Master-General of the Ordnance.*

LT.-COL. C. H. BURTCHAELL, *Asst. Director-General, Dept. of Adjt.-Gen. to the Forces.*

F. C. BOVENSCHEN, *Private Sec., Dept. of the Finance Member of the Army Council.*

S. DANNREUTHER, *Principal, Dept. of the Finance Member of the Army Council.*

A. N. RÜCKER, *Private Sec., Dept. of the Sec. of the War Office.*

MAJ. W. S. BRANCKER, *Asst. Director, Military Aeronautics.*

L. J. C. VARRELMANN, *1st Class Asst. Accountant, Clerical Est.*

How do you like the names? We are all familiar with our von Donop (by the way, we shall come across another of him soon), who we know, in the opinion of Lord Haldane, is the very man for his job—producing shells to kill the Germans with; but Lieut.-Col. Burtchaell, as Assistant Director-General of the Department of the Adjutant-General of the Forces, may be a new name to you. Still, no doubt he is the right man in the right place—and we are not in a position to deny that the same remark applies to Messrs. Bovenschen—Private Secretary to the Department of the Finance Member of the Army Council—and Dannreuther, a Principal in the same Department. As for Mr. Rücker, Private Secretary to the Department of the Secretary of the War Office—is there no more British name which could be found for the medium for the official correspondence of the War Office? Then take the new department of the Air Service. Isn't it funny that the Government decided to appoint to the post of Assistant Director a man with such a name as Major Brancker? And, lest you should think there is any danger of financial irregularity, we have, finally, Mr. Varrelmann as 1st Class Accountant! And a first-class accountant we are sure he is. So come, ye merry Britishers, all together—Hip-Hip-Hurrah! for von Donop, Burtchaell, Bovenschen, Dannreuther, Rücker, Brancker and Varrelmann—the bonny boys of the Bull-dog Breed, working for us at the War Office.

THE ADMIRALTY.

Now let us turn to the Admiralty. Here is a collection of curios in the way of names:—

COMMR. H. D. WARBURG, *Naval Asst., Hydrographic Department.*

A. R. KEMPT, *Engineer Inspector, Dept. of Director of Naval Ordnance.*

C. J. NAEF, *Dep. Accnt.-General, Accountant-General's Department.*

CAPT. M. F. SUETER, *Director, Air Department.*

WING-COMMR. OLIVE SCHWANN, *Asst. Director, Air Department.*

T. H. PEROLZ, *Staff Clerk, Medical Department.*

LT.-COL. H. E. BLUMBERG, *Dep. Asst. Adjt.-Gen., Royal Marine Office.*

We have omitted several others, such as Ter Veen, Crousaz, Curgenven, Sarel and Gedye; and we do not comment, in detail, upon the list. We must, however, emphasise the *prima facie* anomaly—we will not put it higher than that—of having a gentleman named Kempt as Inspector in the Department of the Director of Naval Ordnance. Nor do we like to find an official named Sueter as a Director of the Air Department—with Olive Schwann as his Assistant. Mr. Blumberg may be just the man to look after the marines, and no doubt Mr. Perolz is an ideal Staff Clerk in the Medical Department. Yet we cannot help feeling that a Smith and Brown and Robinson *might* have been found for these posts—and we confess we should have liked it better. All the same, here goes: Three cheers for these gallant Admiralty boys—Warburg, Kempt, Naef, Sueter, Schwann, Perolz and Blumberg Now, all together—*that's* it!

THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

Just two names from this Department. We find the Librarian to be Mr. Blech (you must give your tongue a special twist to get it right) and a Second Division Clerk to be Mr. Weighell. What Mr. Weighell's duties are we know not; but we do *not* like the notion of the books and records of our Foreign Office being in the charge of a gentleman named Blech—only the *name*, understand! Still, the Librarian of the Foreign Office may have access to some of the gravest official documents

BRITANNIA'S CRY—

"You Must Train my Children—I Need Them."

What is Britannia's cry to you? What is the duty she imposes upon you? The terrific campaign in Europe is not the only struggle that is proceeding. There is another war being waged, another battle to be won. In the commercial world the Germans and German influence must be worsted. Only by doing so can we hope to obtain all the benefits for which our gallant troops are fighting. They are doing their bit, it is "up to us" who are left at home to see that we do ours. We do not want all the sacrifices now being made to be valueless. If we would secure a lasting and permanent victory, we must prepare now, and enter the lists as soon as fit. The commercial battle is severe and will be won by the armies possessing the best trained men and women.

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TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY EPITOME OF COMPLAINTS FROM SOLDIERS.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE BOYS.

During the last few months we have received many letters from soldiers and their relatives complaining that furloughs from the front have been stopped, except in special cases. We are glad to know that Lord Kitchener, with his usual care for the men, has now decided to bring home the remnants of all units which took part in the autumn and winter campaigns, replacing them with fresh troops from home. The movement will probably commence next month, and it is intended to retain the men in this country until next spring—*unless*.

ENDANGERING THE DISCHARGED.

Again we would call Lord Kitchener's attention to the irregular way in which unfit men are turned out of the Army at home. Masses of them are sent adrift in uniform, without papers or money, and minus the suit of civilian clothing, or cash in lieu, to which they are entitled. This lays the men open to prosecution for wearing uniform without authority, and is a bar to their obtaining employment, since a man cannot take up a civil position in the garb of a soldier. In some instances, the men are informed later that when they return their uniforms and other Government property to the depot—often at a considerable distance—they will obtain the money due to them. This is a gross hardship which should be immediately remedied.

A MISCONCEPTION.

The contents of our postbag indicate that there is a widespread misconception regarding separation allowances. Nothing has yet appeared indicating that the allowances are to be abolished; but a recent Army Order lays down that men now desiring to get married must at the time of enlistment give one month's notice to their Commanding Officers, who no doubt have been notified as to the exercise of their discretion in granting permission.

CONTINUATION OF SERVICE.

Army Order 329 of 1914 cryptically lays it down that "discharges on termination of engagement are suspended till demobilisation or the expiration of the extra year for which soldiers of the Regular forces and Territorial force are liable." Will the numerous men who have written to us on the subject please note?

AN EXCELLENT IDEA.

Here is a splendid suggestion, fresh from the brain of a lad in khaki—back, like so many others, suffering from "nerves." He points out that soldiers are being called upon to help at the harvest, and suggests that men who are simply suffering from nervous breakdown should be selected. He sent us his letter as the result of conversations with other patients suffering in the same way as himself. And what could be better—an open-air life, the smell of the earth, exercise? The experience would be more valuable to the lads than all the prescriptions in the Pharmacopœia, and the change from the monotonous hospital ward to the fields would be a godsend to the sufferers.

NEWS NEEDED.

Can any of their comrades at the front give us tidings of the following men, for whom relatives and friends are anxiously enquiring:—Lance-Corporal John Murphy, 9,937, 1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, last heard of at the Dardanelles; Andrew Judge, of the Canadian Contingent; Private H. Read, 8,384, 2nd Border Regt.; Lance-Corporal E. F. Armstrong, 63,046, D Co., 3rd Batt., Canadian Expeditionary Force; Private J. Alderman, 8,082, 1st Dorsets; Private W. J. Nixon, 7,659, 1st Leicesters; Private J. Radford, 15,423, 4th Worcesters; Private H. A. Lees, 16,240, 7th Canadian Batt., 1st Canadian Contingent; Private W. Maskell, 8,202, No. 1 Co., 3rd Royal Fusiliers; Stoker Arthur Evans, R.N.R., Nelson Battalion, recently in hospital in Alexandria; Private G. Smith, 6,314, 3rd Worcesters; Private A. S. Munro, 888, F Co., 1st London Scottish; Lance-Corporal James McGregor, 1,220, D Co., Cameron Highlanders.

A SHAM CENSUS.

MUNICIPAL PAUL PRY AT ST. HELENS.

The average Britisher has a rooted dislike of Governmental interference in the domain of private affairs, and nothing is so apt to set his back up as the thrusting of the official nose into matters beyond the legitimate purview of public authority. Occasionally, this wholesome sentiment must yield to wider considerations, as in the case of the decennial Census, or of the National Register now in course of preparation, but such departures are justified only upon grounds of national necessity, and in these instances the consent of Parliament is rightly sought and obtained. When, however, the Borough Council of St. Helens, through the medium of their Medical Officer of Health, set out to take a "Municipal Census" of the borough residents, involving all manner of inquisitorial questions, they were, in our judgment, exceeding their legitimate authority, and establishing a precedent of a most unfortunate kind. When first we heard of the matter, we communicated with the Medical Officer of Health and were courteously informed that the whole matter would shortly be considered by the Council, a vigorous protest having, it seems, already been received from the National Union of Railwaymen. At the Council Meeting, Alderman Dr. Bates, Chairman of the Health Committee, accepted entire responsibility for the issue of the "census" papers, although "if he had known it was likely to give rise to so much resentment, he would certainly not have asked those questions." The returns demanded, however, were, he contended, "necessary for statistical purposes" and "from a health point of view." It was further stated that, in deference to public opinion, the whole project had now been abandoned, thousands of papers having, it seems, been left uncollected. A suggestion that the cost of the abortive scheme should be borne by the Councillors personally, rather than by the ratepayers at large, was negatived with feverish haste. We have no wish to labour the matter, but it is clear that in seeking to establish a "municipal census," Alderman Bates and the Health Committee, with the assent of the Council, went far beyond the limit of their legal powers. Happily, their fingers were burnt before much harm was done.

"A MINISTER IN KHAKI."

HIS REPLY—AND OUR REJOINDER.

The Rev. D. M. Grant, about whom we wrote under the heading "A Minister in Khaki," describes our remarks as "disgracefully unfair." While he "fears he cannot withdraw anything of what he has said regarding the class of men" who use bad language, and so make him "sick and sad," he says, "I was careful to point out in the address that there were those with whom it is a pleasure to associate." And he urges, "You omitted to point out that I gave the men credit for being gentlemanly enough to refrain from using bad language in the presence of those who resent it." A reference to what we wrote will show that this identical statement was actually made by us, and we offered it to Mr. Grant as our firm opinion. We correctly quoted from a newspaper report, and we gather that Mr. Grant does not repudiate the words in question, but qualifies them by the intimation that he said other things as well. With those other things we have no concern. We only repeat that, because some men used bad language, it was cruel of Mr. Grant to call it a "severe trial" to "come into daily contact" with other men, whose behaviour made him "sad and sick for home"; and that it was worse than cruel to say that those men "made more vivid what our Blessed Lord endured in coming into contact with the rude people of the earth." As Mr. Grant is back at his duties as a private of the R.A.M.C., we hope that his good opinion of some of his comrades will blossom into a friendship for all. We admire the reverend gentleman for enlisting as a private, and wish him nothing but good luck.

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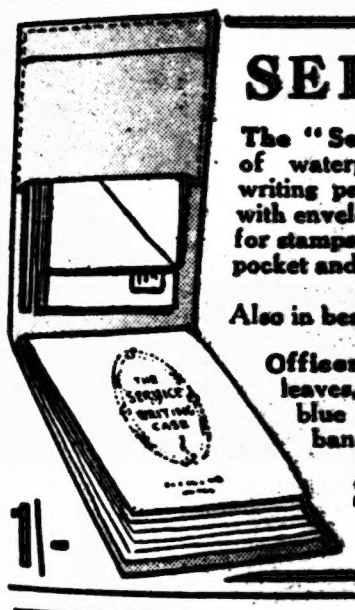

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